THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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Here and There.

THE marriage of the Marchioness of Hastings and Sir George Chetwynd, Bart., is appointed to take place on the 9th instant.

The great Channel yacht race is fixed for Saturday, the 11th instant, and for this event the most splendid fleet of yachts ever engaged in one race has been entered.

The result of the Derby was received in London at 3.29 p.m.; three minutes later it was known in Limerick and Penzance; and at 3.36 the information had reached Wick. It was likewise telegraphed to India by the Indo-European route, *viâ* Teheran and the Persian Gulf. The race was run at 3.23 p.m., Greenwich time; and the telegram announcing the first, second, and third horses reached Bombay at 5.57, and Calcutta at 6.25 p.m., Greenwich time; thus travelling from the Grand Stand at Epsom to Bombay in 2 hours and 34 minutes, and to Calcutta in 3 hours and 2 minutes.

The London and Windsor coach, which is now in full swing, will run through to Ascot Heath during the race week, leaving the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, each day at 10 a.m.

At Harry Clifton's circus, at Taunton, on Tuesday night, "Young Powell," while performing on the trapeze, fell, and, pitching on his head, was killed on the spot.

One day this week, about nine o'clock, a drove of bullocks, on their way from the Cattle Market to Camberwell, passed down Stonecutter-street, when one of them, a fine Hereford, rushed into No. 26, the Bee Hive coffee-house, his advent causing considerable consternation and alarm to the people present, who left their breakfast with great alacrity. The bull in the china shop caused great damage to the stock, utensils, &c.; but, besides fright, no personal injury was sustained.

RUNAWAY MATCH IN HIGH LIFE.—Lord Z's pair of bays.

The sessions of the Central Criminal Court commence on Monday next. The judges on the rota are Chief Justice Bovill, Mr. Justice Blackburn, and Mr. Justice Keating. The most important case in the calendar is that of Boulton and Park. The charge against them is expected to be proceeded with at these sessions. No application has been made in Judges' chambers for bail in the case of these two young men.

The *Charivari* publishes a Plebiscitary caricature which has a certain *actualité*. A peasant sitting in his hovel, dressed in a nightcap, round frock, and wooden shoes, receives a visit, apparently unexpected, from a tax-gatherer. "What!" says he, "more taxes—don't you know that I voted 'Yes?'"

Another "shave" from the *Figaro*:—

Il se juge actuellement en Angleterre un disciple de feu Troppmann.

Celui-là n'a tué que sept personnes.

Au magistrat, qui s'étonnait de la forte besogne accomplie par lui sans le secours du moindre complice, il a répondu:

— Mais vous vous trompez, monsieur le juge; javais avec moi mon secrétaire!

An American editor once, in attempting to compliment General Pillver as a "battle-scarred veteran," was made by the typos to call him a "battle-scared veteran." In the next issue the mistake was so far corrected as to style him a "bottle-scarred veteran."

Returns from the War Office and Admiralty have been published, containing copies of rules, orders, and statements of any custom enforced in her Majesty's Army on the wearing of beards. It contains Article 358 of the Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army of 1868, which runs as follows:—"The hair is to be neatly cut and kept short. Moustaches are to be worn, and the chin is to be shaved (except by pioneers, who will wear beards also). Whiskers, when worn, are to be of moderate length. On active service in the field, beards may, however, be worn at the discretion of the general officer commanding." The directions were not applicable to India. With reference to the Navy and Royal Marines, the orders were:—"1. As regards the Navy, officers and men may wear beards and moustaches, but one must not be worn without the other. 2. As regards Marines, officers and men, whether embarked or on shore, may wear beards and moustaches, or moustaches only. 3. Uniformity of practice, as to length of hair, beard, and moustache, to be obtained so far as practicable, and neatness and cleanliness to be in all cases enforced."

AFTER THE DERBY.—ALICE (who is thinking of pleasure).—"Six and a-quarter and short thumbs; mind, Algy."

ALGY (who is thinking of business).—"Short? By Jove, yes. *I* don't know any one who would do it at six and a-half."

A curious police regulation for the punishment of intoxication exists in Russia. Persons found drunk and incapable in the public thoroughfares are taken into custody and condemned to work for a day at sweeping the streets. Consequently, well-dressed offenders are sometimes seen performing their task broom in hand. This lesson is intended for individuals who have not lost all sense of shame.

How admirably clean our streets would be kept were the practice enforced here!

HIGH ART:—

"What is the subject?" asked the visitor.

"Oh," said Mrs. S., "that is Jupiter and Ten."

"Jupiter and Ten?" said the visitor. "I don't understand. You must be wrong."

"Oh, no, indeed!" repeated Mrs. S.; "it is Jupiter and Ten—I know it very well."

"But 'Jupiter and Ten' is nonsense. You must be mistaken."

"Oh, no—not at all. That is the name of the picture; you can see it on the back."

And pulling the picture a little from the wall, the admiring visitor was enabled to read, with her own eyes—

JUPITER AND IO.

M. Rœderer, the great champagne merchant, whose death was lately announced, has left £4,000 to the poor of Rheims.

The *Figaro* announces the arrival in Paris of "deux Anglaises aux toilettes tapageuses, aux cheveux du safran le plus pur, nommées Miss Mabell Grey et Betzy Grey." The object of these blonde mees is, according to the veracious Barber, to "jeter à Paris les bases d'une société internationale de haute cocotterie."

A new meaning for the letters R. S. V. P. found in the corner of invitations to food and flirtation has been discovered by some ingenious person. Repondez S'il Vous Plaît is obsolete. Rendez Si Vouz? Pouvez is the new style.

Epitaphe envoyée à un marbrier par un de nos sportsmen les plus fervents, qui a perdu sa femme l'avant-veille du *Derby*:—

CI-GIT MADAME X...
Du haut du ciel, *parie* pour moi!
On s'est aperçu de l'erreur à temps; c'est dommage.

A man clad in a coat of mail highly polished is travelling on horseback about Scotland. His object in going in this guise is neither Quixotic nor warlike. He is travelling to advertise the excellence of the black lead with which his coat of mail is polished.

M. Duval, the founder of those cheap and good dining rooms, called the "Bouillon Duval," one of which now exists in almost every quarter of Paris, has just died in the prime of life. He was a very remarkable man. Not more than fifteen years ago we remember him a small butcher near the Halles, in the Rue Jean Jaques Rousseau. The idea occurred to him that the odds and ends of meat and bones in every butcher's shop might be profitably employed in making broth to be sold to the working classes at a cheap rate. He began by fitting up his small back shop as an eating house, in which he gave nothing but soup, the rags of meat of which the soup was made, bread, and small flasks of the commonest wine. His ideas expanded, and he afterwards took a ball-room which was to let in the Rue Montesquieu, near the Palais Royal, where he established the first grand "Bouillon Duval."

Letters from Calabria state that no further apprehensions of an increase of brigandage are entertained. In consequence of the dispersion of the Filadelphia band all engaged in that movement have returned to their homes. A remnant of the band of Nathan, consisting of ten persons, is wandering about in the mountains between the provinces of Como and Londrio, and is being pursued by the troops. Several garrisons on the frontiers have been strengthened. The Swiss gendarmes are echeloned in sight of the Swiss frontier. A band, numbering sixty persons, comprising several students, has appeared north of the Lake of Como.

The following photograph of a well-known *habitué* of the "Ring,"—in its widest sense—was taken on the first day of the late Epsom Meeting:—"Yonder is the great Mr. Biler leaning over the ring-railings and expressing his opinion on the horses as they are led to the saddling-room, with all that force of language of which he is such a consummate master. Mr. Biler has taken to the profession of betting since prize-fighting—at least prize-fighting on a scale worthy of his abilities—has been put down. There he is with his money in the courier's bag slung at his side, his betting book in his hand, odds and oaths in his mouth, and *another man's name on his hat*. Can this be modesty? Or is it that Mr. Biler, playfully known as 'Toss' among his numerous admirers and friends, having done much good by stealth, now blushes to find it fame? Is it mere fancy, or are we right in saying that he played the part of second in the fight between King and Heenan; that he it was who playfully threatened the referee with bludgeons, and who stated publicly and pleasantly at the ring-side—'if he,' the referee, 'doesn't do wot's right we'll murder him?' Is it a mere dream too, that Mr. Toss Biler once fell upon a gentleman, since deceased, who, in his capacity of referee, had given a decision adverse to the Biler interests, and, with the noble words, 'Take that and that,' inflicted on that gentleman injuries which he felt to the day of his death? Was this virtuous hero of the betting-ring excluded from the sporting newspapers for this performance? Was it he who suggested 'lancing King's eye,' when the other remedy for insensibility from Heenan's blows—biting his ear—seemed tardy in its effect? Was Mr. Biler the man who smashed the policeman's face with a champagne bottle, when the latter functionary presumed to attempt to preserve the peace after the absurd dancing performance between Mr. Mace and Mr. Goss, which, happily for the credit of England, gave the prize-ring a blow from which it has never rallied? Did Mr. Biler leave that policeman gory and stunned after breaking the champagne bottle over his face, and when the latter came to himself and appeared with reinforcements and anxious to apprehend, did Mr. Biler prudently decamp, and by first crawling on his stomach for a mile or two at the bottom of a Surrey railway embankment, and then making across country to another station on a different line, escape? It would be really interesting to know; for the hero of such exploits should not change his name, particularly for the betting-ring. It is calculated to confuse his customers, and makes it necessary to put strangers on their guard and to acquaint them of his imputed promptitude in action. It might be awkward, for example, to think you had won money of Mr. Biler, when that gentleman, by the aid of his eyes, and limbs, and liver—his familiar gods—was satisfied you had not; or to have a difference of opinion on the odds he gave. He is worth looking for on the Derby Day; for he illustrates in his own stout person the condition of the outside betting world, and the materials of which it is composed."

PROOF POSITIVE:—

Wife (who has been "sitting up").—"Well, this is a pretty time to come home. Four o'clock!"

Husband (who has taken nothing but *one* glass of a curious compound, spoken of, by himself, as "Whiskanwarra").—"Wha' you mean, madam, by 'Forklock?' Unfort'nly for you, madam, it sho' 'appens, curiouslenuff, I parsh'd Big Ben, madam, and heard it strike One (*hic*) several times, madam!!"

[Retires to bed in triumph in his boots.

—*Punch and Judy*.

The Man Abroad.

PARIS, *June 2nd.*

M. OLLIVIER has added another to the already numerous proofs of his absolute incapacity to hold the reins of Government. Originally a man of no little eloquence, he distinguished himself, when a Republican, as a fierce denouncer of anything in the shape of jobbery or tyranny. But a change has come over the scene. He accepted office—with the most honest intentions, I firmly believe—and from that moment to this he has been busily engaged in giving the lie to every previous act or speech of his life. It is astonishing to find how zealously he defends measures that two years since would have found him their most uncompromising enemy. Eaten up by vanity, cajoled by his prompters, worried to death by his former radical friends, and treated coldly by the Right, on whom he is forced to rely, M. Ollivier is the most pitiable object that it is possible for the human mind to conceive. The Emperor is, I firmly believe, more liberal than his minister, and regrets the unfortunate and senseless displays of temper in the Chambers, to which the great Emile has lately been in the habit of giving vent to. A ministry such as his must fall beneath the weight of public contempt, and its head may, perhaps, in after years, regret that his vanity should have induced him to accept a post for which he was never fitted; his inglorious career will cause his name to be handed down to posterity as at once the most incapable, the most unpopular, and the most dangerous minister that France ever possessed. You may, perhaps, fancy that I must have a "tooth" against M. Ollivier, to make me use this language; but this is not the case. I merely write this because I am sincerely pained to see that he has, wilfully and sheerly, thrown away the one chance that the country has had of getting into parliamentary paths; by his conduct of affairs since the 2nd of January, driven his three best men from the Cabinet; played into the Emperor's hands *in ré* the Plébiscite, and answered that acute and far-seeing Majesty's purpose better than all the Rouhers—cum Fleury—cum Persigny, could have done. What will be the upshot of matters is not so easy to say; trouble in the future, I fear, and the iron hand for the present. The only hope, and that a most forlorn one, is that the King of the Var may recant his errors, and try to pursue his original plan; but the man is so completely devoured by vanity—I believe he is honest—that he is not capable of seeing anything but his own name written in golden letters on the firmament of the future. What a terrible awakening is in store for him! In the meanwhile, we marry and feast, dance and sing, as if all was yet Lotos-land, and, above all, I am sorry to state, we die. This latter catastrophe has been terribly frequent of late, and I have become sick at heart of repeating to you week after week the names of those who have dropped out of the ranks. This past week has deprived us of two men who were great celebrities in their way, and one at least of whom was but too well known—Roederer, the great champagne manufacturer. He died at Rheims, where his cellars were situated, last week, and has left 4,000*l.* to the poor of the town. If he only received a quarter of the price paid in England for the concoction generally denominated, with some amount of honour, "the very best that can be procured for money," he could, in a few years, have left forty times four thousand without trenching much on the legacies to his children. I do not object to sweets or French pastry—indeed, I may mention, *en passant*, that there is generally a crowd at Sirandin's when I am seen to go in, and that M. Oller intends to transfer his Pari-Mutuel to the shop opposite, so that the crowd, who are busy in speculation as to how much I shall consume, may get on their money—but to drink sweet champagne after dinner, with macaroons and preserved ginger, seems to me, if anything, more absurd than the English habit of drinking sherry with dinner as well as before it. The other death of note is that of M. Duval, the well-known originator of the popular *Etablissement du Bouillon*. I do not pretend that the dinner or breakfast they give you there bears any resemblance to the repasts worthy of Lucullus and Apicius which the French correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* is in the habit of discussing at Voisin's or the Anglais, but the food is good, well cooked, and well served. The soup, particularly at *2d.* per plate, is such as you could get in no London hotel or restaurant for any amount of money (perhaps that is not saying a great deal in its favour); and the coffee, with a *petit verre*, at *2d.*, is many times the triple superior of the concoction served up under the name, style, and title, of coffee and brandy, at 1*s.* There are, perhaps, too many people there in the evening to make it a comfortable dining resort, but for breakfast, at about one o'clock, you have a large airy room almost to yourself, and everything hot which should be so, and that iced which should be cool. For two or three francs you can have as good a breakfast (or lunch, as you would call it) as in England for thrice the sum, and better cooked. I am speaking of the establishment on the Boulevard Montmartre, by the corner of the Rue Richelieu, which is the largest and best; but there are others belonging to the same Company (who bought all Duval's places some time since) in other parts of Paris, and hundreds of private places on the same system. Really, it is consoling to be able to feed without being robbed, as in most of the first-class restaurants, or poisoned, as in the generality of the cheaper ones. Take the latter class, in the Palais Royal. You dine to-day at the Provenceaux—having just run into a little money—and, regardless of expense, order numerous dishes, leaving numerous basketsfull of fragments. To-morrow, having spent in the meanwhile your little *trouvaille*, you are seized with a fit of (compulsory) economy, and determine to do penance at one of the two-franc places in the Palais Royal. Well, the odds are that you will have the remains of your yesterday's feast, served up with cunning sauces; the proprietor of the place being in the habit of buying his meats from the waiters at Vefour's and the Three Brothers, out of the remains of the day. If you escape the Scylla of devouring your own, you will fall into the Charybdis of having those of some one else—who, perhaps, eats with his fingers! But, come, this will not do at all, for I am already beginning to think of a bad night from Dover to Calais.

DRAMAS FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM.

BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

A DOMESTIC SCENE—IN ONE ACT.

Dramatis Personæ:—

HON. CAPTAIN LAWLESS.
MRS. LAWLESS.
SERVANT.

SCENE.—*A drawing-room in Captain Lawless's house. Mrs. Lawless seated in an arm-chair by the fireside, knitting.*

Mrs. L. No, knitting can never be considered an exciting occupation. I don't remember to have *darned*, but I would bet (if I had the opportunity) that that art is the more exhilarating of the two. There is a dreadful sameness about knitting—especially with wooden instruments—which reminds me of a dull sermon: I never know when it begins, when it ends, or what happens in the middle. It is a defence against the arch-enemy, I suppose; but, beyond giving idle hands something unpleasant to do, it has no single merit. Yet I am unjust: it prevents, in some sort, idle thoughts from having altogether their own way; and mine are truant enough sometimes to be glad of such a refuge. (*Enter* SERVANT.) What is it?

Serv. A letter, ma'am. (*Gives letter, and exit.*)

Mrs. L. What can it be? To what amiable correspondent am I indebted for the opportunity of idling away five minutes? A letter, when one is alone at night by the fire, should be the beginning of a delightful mystery. I suppose, like all mysteries, it will end in deception: a milliner's bill, or the advertisement of a wine merchant, perhaps. Let us see. (*Opens letter, and reads.*)

"A sincere friend takes the liberty of informing you that your husband has an appointment with Madame Moricaud this evening. She will receive him alone, at her own house, at nine o'clock."

No signature. A sincere friend! What infamy! (*Makes a gesture as if to throw the letter in the fire, but restrains herself.*) Can it be? A new fancy? Can he be taken with this dark-skinned beauty, of whom I hear so much? A Peruvian nobody, come from nobody knows where, widow of nobody knows whom? Can this disreputable mulatto, with her black eyes and treacherous smile, have fixed his wandering fancy? (*Takes up her work.*) I suppose so. (*Sighs.*) He is like all men: he has a wife who sits at the head of his table, and uses his opera-box; it is all that he requires. My love is a superfluity for which he does not bargain. He hears that he has a treasure, and submits to the proprietorship. It is only his neighbour's jewels he has ever the inclination to covet. (*After a pause.*) If I had only a child my life would be happier. I should at least have somebody to care for—somebody who would love me in return. I should not be as now, so utterly alone. After all, this miserable slander may be untrue. (*Looking at the letter.*) Nine o'clock is the hour appointed for the rendezvous, and it is now half-past eight; and Horace, I know, is quietly smoking his after-dinner cigar in the dining-room. (*A step outside.*) I am wrong. He is here.

Enter CAPT. LAWLESS (*in evening dress*).

Capt. L. It is only I, my love, come to ask for a cup of tea before I go out. (*Goes to the fireplace, warms his feet, and admires himself in the glass.*) What is that pretty little thing you are making?

Mrs. L. You had better look at that pretty little thing before talking about it.

Capt. L. It was precisely, my dear, because I *had* looked, that I asked.

Mrs. L. Your glances have been confined to the looking-glass, otherwise you would have found out that the yard-and-a-quarter comforter I am knitting for your coachman is not a "pretty little thing."

Capt. L. I deny your premises. What will be hideous round Matthew's neck may still be pretty in your hands. It is simply a question of locality.

Mrs. L. You certainly *say* pretty things, if I don't make them.

Capt. L. I say what I mean. But what has induced you to become Matthew's comforter?

Mrs. L. The poor creature has had a perpetual sore throat ever since he came to live with us. It is the damp, I suppose, and the nightwork. As I had nothing to do, I began to construct the object of your admiration. You have no objection?

Capt. L. To your being as good as you are beautiful? No, indeed.

Mrs. L. (*calmly*). I am inexpressibly delighted.

Capt. L. Only I must entreat you not to fatigue your eyes with your charitable works: if not for your own sake, for mine.

Mrs. L. You are most agreeable to-night.

Capt. L. I am, as usual, a slave to your charms, ridiculous as it may seem in an old married man.

Mrs. L. I wonder four years of such bondage has not affected your health.

Capt. L. It is the simple truth, and there is nothing surprising in the fact. Are you not lovely and amiable?

Mrs. L. I am far from denying it. But I have the honour to be your wife: a consideration sufficient, in your eyes, to neutralise all my other good qualities.

Capt. L. Indeed! And how do you explain such a want of reason?

Mrs. L. One gets tired of everything. I might even weary of such sweet things as you have been saying to-night, if I had the opportunity of hearing them too often. But—if I may ask without indiscretion—where *are* you going in that annihilating costume?

Capt. L. I am going to the club; but to return to——

Mrs. L. To the club? You don't generally favour the "Rag" with such a brilliant exhibition.

Capt. L. It is a special occasion. We receive some illustrious stranger—some foreign prince or other—from—I quite forget where.

Mrs. L. Peru, perhaps.

Capt. L. Peru? Why Peru?

Mrs. L. I don't know, except that it is a long way off. The home of every illustrious stranger is usually distant enough to prevent investigation into his title. Foreign princes understand what lends enchantment to our view. Is he married, your cacique?

Capt. L. Married? I don't know. Why?

Mrs. L. Because I must decline to receive his wife, or wives, if he has one or more. I am tired of "engaging foreigners," of my own sex especially. I never knew much that was desirable, socially, come from those warm latitudes, did you? But it must be time for you to go.

Capt. L. (*looking at his watch*). A quarter to nine. You send me away, then?

Mrs. L. So you say.

Capt. L. You must admit that it is a bad return for my agreeable behaviour.

Mrs. L. You must not take too much credit for your condescension, or it will look suspicious. If you throw so much gold-dust in my eyes, I shall begin to think you have some good reason for wishing to blind me.

Capt. L. You are not going to do me the singular but unmerited honour of being jealous.

Mrs. L. If I were jealous I should say nothing about it: I should prove it.

Capt. L. In what way, may I ask?

Mrs. L. By giving you excellent reason to be jealous also.

Capt. L. Excellent reason, I think you said?

Mrs. L. The very best.

Capt. L. Permit me to inform you that you would be unjust.

Mrs. L. I don't quite follow you.

Capt. L. It cannot have escaped the penetration of a

superior person like yourself, that the infidelity of a wife can never be the legitimate revenge, the equitable counterpoise, for the infidelity of a husband.

Mrs. L. That is your opinion. The word duty, you think, is a word with two meanings: a mysterious, Janus-faced god, which regards *us* with implacable eye, while it smiles with indulgence upon *you*;—an ambiguous term in your conjugal freemasonry, which reserves to you infidelity as a right, leaving us only the questionable advantages of contraband trading.

Capt. L. Permit me——

Mrs. L. In one moment. You would not dare to violate the contract entered into with your butler; but the most sacred of all engagements—that with your wife—you think terminable at your pleasure. The prevalence of such a feeling is certainly the key to the very popular opinion you have expressed just now, that woman, when married, is a slave, who owes everything to her husband, and to whom her husband owes—nothing.

Capt. L. Excuse me, I neither said nor thought anything of the kind. The man who can permit himself to deceive his wife appears to me to be guilty of very objectionable—nay, very reprehensible conduct.

Mrs. L. I understand: a pardonable piece of folly.

Capt. L. A crime, if you prefer to call it so; but a crime attended with extenuating circumstances, which cannot be urged in defence of a wife. If I were inclined to take the same view as the law——

Mrs. L. You could not do better.

Capt. L. I should urge that the infidelity of a wife entailed disastrous consequences on her family, on society at large, which a husband's—sin—does not produce. I do not care, however, to look at the question from this positive side. I regard it from a point of view more worthy of us both: a point of view which I must leave you to divine, as it is almost too delicate to discuss.

Mrs. L. Don't mind me.

Capt. L. Well, then, do you think that a woman worth caring for (I speak, of course, of such women only) can form an attachment apart from her home ties, without giving herself up blindly, wholly, irrevocably to its object? without becoming unfaithful—not in imagination merely, but in fact—to the man whom she has sworn not only to love, but to honour? No; our infidelities may be—often are—the fleeting, half-innocent recreations of an hour; yours are the earnest, overwhelming objects of a life. A man plays for a trifling stake, and rises up from the table uninjured; a woman sets her heart on the throw, and gambles away the peace and happiness of a family. A woman (to her honour be it said) does not give herself away for a trifle; she rarely counterfeits a passion; she never enters the lists without being deeply interested in the result of the conflict; and if she is beaten, she goes over to the enemy horse and foot. While we but abstract an hour or two's diversion from our conjugal existence, you desert it altogether; you create a new and distinct life from that you have vowed to live; you raise a new idol in place of your legitimate divinity, and desert your household gods for ever. Our errors are the follies which may cause a moment's disarrangement in a household; yours the mistakes which plunge a whole family into utter and irremediable ruin. It is for these reasons I contend that the *lex talionis* is not admissible in the matter. It is possible that I may not have explained myself clearly, as well as that you may scarcely possess sufficient impartiality to pronounce judgment in a cause which, after all, thank Heaven! concerns neither of us but as an interesting abstract question.

Mrs. L. Have you done? Well, it remains as I said: when you deceive us you are scamps, who deserve a mild admonition; when we deceive you we have earned the question, ordinary and extraordinary. It is a conclusion full of justice and chivalry. Good night. Go to your club; it is nine o'clock.

Capt. L. Observe, my love, that you are showing me the door.

Mrs. L. Which you are very glad to be shown. Good night.

Capt. L. (*kissing her hand*). Turn over my theories in your mind; you will find them full of sense.

Mrs. L. You will be wrong, however, to reduce them to practice, I warn you.

Capt. L. After all, my argument was but a rhetorical exercise. To-morrow I shall be happy to offer you a speech on the other side of the question. Good night.

[*Exit.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Prize Rhymes.

PRIZE WORD—No. XXXII.—LOVE.

The stars, in dreamy radiance, shone above
The bower, where Paddy and his Judy sat;
In trembling accents he declared his love:
His love—alas! for poor deluded Pat—
With scornful laugh, she gave him such a shove,
And o'er his tearful eyes she knocked his hat.
He cried, "I thought she was a turtle-dove,
But still, no doubt, she means it all for love."

FANFAN.

I was never so happy till I fell in love
With a sweet pretty damsel, as fair as a dove;
In her mirth she would, now and then, give me a shove,
And would then slyly call me a roguish old cove.

How sweet towards eve, in the shady grove,
Thither to wander alone with my love;
My constancy nothing on earth shall move,—
Oh, say! what can I do my love to prove.

MARIE LOUISE.

I saw a girl the other day
With such a pretty glove;
She almost stole my heart away,
And made me mad with love.

She had the nicest little shoe,
And such ankles above;
I wish you could have seen her too,
The charming little dove.

ROB ROY.

Oh, Polly is my own true love,
Six and three-quarters is her glove;
Sweet compass'd voice: so like the dove
Which coos in yonder cage above.

JACK SHOVE.

I own that I love to shoot at a dove,
Or pigeons, as mostly they call 'em;
Or to pot at a plover, or else at a cov-
Ey of partridges—savagely gall 'em.

If I raise up my glove (that 's my hand), and you shove
My arm, as I 'm going to level,
And I shoot just above their heads. Oh, I love,
Yes, I love you as much as the d—l.

φίλος.

(1)
What a world this would be without love:
Though there 's not too much of it, I fear;
Exceptions you know, my own sweet dove,
So I hope my proposal you 'll hear.

(2)
I care not at all for pomp and show,
Nor care I idly the world to rove;
I want but yourself—now don't say "No,"
Ah! that tell-tale blush shows me you love.

(3)
Why answer me not—why look so shy,
When I know that you return my love;
I think I can guess the reason why,
But then all obstacles I will move.

(4)
You say you are poor, and I a lord,
But it matters not—I want your love;
You can make me happy with one word,
And the blessing of my future prove.

A LOVER.

How well can I remember
That tiny little glove,
She gave me one November,
As a token of her love.

The sweet "six and three-quarters"
I placed close to my breast;
For far beyond Eve's daughters,
I loved the donor best.

I worshipped the delusion
That she cared for none but me;
But it was a wrong conclusion,
And she jilted me for B.

I swore a deep and bitter vow,
By all the powers above;
And single then—I 'm single now—
There 's no such thing as love!

DIER.

I 've a dreadvull cold in by head,
Ib taking such beasdly stuv;
A bixture as heavy as lead,
A dose is var bore thad enuv.

Oh, if you will tage it away,
And cure me from being so gruv,
I 'll be mosd delighted, I say,
To give you both money and love.

FRIGUS.

Oh! Muse, inspire my harp to sound
The praise of beauty's queen;
Distract my thoughts from things around,
And make my mind serene.

To Venus, then, I 'll tune my lyre,
And sing immortal love;
Of Jove, the sovereign and the sire
Of earth and heaven above.

I 'll tell how Cupid bent his bow,
And winged his shafts of love;
How Venus in her car did go,
Drawn by the harnessed dove.

How Mars, the god of war, did yield
Unto her wondrous charms;
And Neptune left his watery field
To clasp her in his arms;

Anchises, lucky boy, to taste
The nectar of her lips;
Adonis, foolish youth, to waste
The sweetness of such sips.

O, Venus! loveliest of the three,
Who claimed the golden prize,
When gods, not able to agree,
Appealed to mortal eyes.

VULCAN.

Take my word, there 's no place like a shady alcove
To clandestinely meet the girl whom you love;
Such chances there are from her fair form to move
The earrings, *et cætera*, as they fall from above!
But mind you, it 's awkward if "pa" don't approve,
For he might unceremoniously try to remove
You—his unwelcome guest; and thus it would prove,
Tho' you *found* the dear girl in this "*quasi*" grove,
You can't always keep what *is* treasure trove!

DON ROBERTO.

I met with my love
[She was such a dove!]
In the crowd at a Foresters' ball.
We made it "all right"
That very same night,
And she told me I might come and call.

The next day I came
To the house she did name,
And knocked at the door, when, eheu!
Right on to my tile
(You may jeer, you may smile!)
The contents of her basin she threw.

Now I think I may say
That that very same day
(*M. A. T.* your last note please recall)
I conquered my love
For the sweet little dove
That I met at the Foresters' ball.

WATER CURE.

All is over now between us,
You avert your eyes of blue;
You I thought as fair as Venus,
Proved, alas! as fickle too.
Once you smiled with approbation—
I have still the dainty glove
You gave me, ere you dreamed my station
Was too low for thoughts of love.

Surely 'twas a luckless omen,
Fated since the days of Troy—
More than all the Grecian foemen,
Wrought to Troilus annoy.
What were all the dainty kisses,
When the camp had soiled the dove?
What were all the bygone blisses,
With the false and faithless love?

Your lot has fallen in pleasant places,
Bright the world before you lies;
Art and wealth, with all their graces,
Charm your ears and please your eyes.
Viands rare your tables laden,
And the lamplight from above,
Reveals a fair and faultless maiden—
Can you claim one look of love?

Is the present really better
Than the happy days of old?
Do you feel the galling fetter
Less because it's made of gold?
As for me—my prospects shady—
This has been a downward shove;
But, since given by a lady,
I will take it all for love.

PLATO.

The world would be a desert waste,
Without a hope above;
A round of ceaseless toil and haste,
But for the breath of love.
For 'tis alone this gift divine—
This precious snow-white dove—
That kindles every impulse fine,
And gives hard toil a glove.

For this alone 'tis worth to live—
With this we dread no doom;
No better gift can heaven give
To dissipate our gloom.
It marks the immortal from the beast
Who lives from hour to hour;
For love makes life one live long feast,
Though cares and troubles lower.

CARLINO.

PRIZE WORD—No. XXXIII.—AXLE.

[The prize is this week withheld; the merit of the contributions having been so general and equal, that we are quite unable to place the horses.—ED. *M. A. T.*]

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph; which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize, to prove his title thereto.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. A. B.—You can see a copy in the museum at the Hague. We cannot run over to Vienna just at present to get you the other piece of information you require.

FIGLEAF.—Your composition is too—statuesque for us.

Mr. WINKLE.—Consult "Forecast," You should know something of "picking them out" yourself—at all events, you will be a judge of anything at all fishy.

ALMONDINE.—We believe not. More of the stone than the precious.

CRAB.—We have no doubt you speak the naked truth, but we prefer you dressed.

ARMIGER.—You have a right to carry arms—do not abuse it.

DAN. (Dublin).—The success of Mr. Merry's horses is entirely attributable to the system of diet he has adopted with his young stock. They are all fed entirely upon Liebig's Extract of Meat and preserved Australian beef. Each yearling has as much half-and-half as he can drink. A small glass of grog is allowed to two-year-olds, but no smoking. Where there is smoke (Mr. Merry holds) there will be firing. Should you require any further information on this interesting subject, we shall be happy to give it.

THE THEATRES—THIS EVENING.

COVENT GARDEN.—Norma—Last act of Hamlet. Half-past Eight.
DRURY LANE.—Le Nozze di Figaro. Half-past Eight.
ADELPHI.—Free Labour. Seven.
LYCEUM.—His Own Rival—Breaking the Spell—Little Faust. Half-past Seven.
OLYMPIC.—Music hath Charms—At Eight: Mary Warner—The 'Varsity Boat Race Seven.
STRAND.—Loving Hearts—Kenilworth. Half-past Seven.
GAIETY.—The First Night—At a Quarter to Nine: The Princess of Trebizonde. Half-past Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'.—Quite by Accident—At Eight: M.P.—Dearest Mamma. Half-past Seven.
NEW QUEEN'S.—My Wife's Dentist—'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.
ST. JAMES'S.—She Stoops to Conquer—La Belle Sauvage. Seven.
HOLBORN.—Married Daughters and Young Husbands—Behind the Curtain. Half-past Seven.
VAUDEVILLE.—Two Roses—Don Carlos. Half-past Seven.
GLOBE.—The Artful Dodge—The Porter's Knot—Robert Macaire. Half-past Seven.
CHARING CROSS.—Captain Smith—Illusions—The Gentleman in Black. Half-past Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1870.

AT THE ACADEMY.

BEFORE we proceed to the discussion of the Water Colours, we may be pardoned a return for a few moments to Gallery No. X., which we regret to have but cursorily noticed when criticising the oil paintings. (892), "Turf Cutters," by T. Wade, is, no doubt, faithful to nature; but the peat looks too much like solid plum pudding that is being handed up in slabs, and the colouring is heavy and lifeless. (890), "Usted Gusta?" by E. Long, is not badly drawn; but we think Mr. Long might have taken a lesson from the late Mr. Hurlstone in his treatment of Italian peasant life before attempting a work of this description. (893), "The Pyramids from Gizeh," by F. Dillon, has the true Eastern effect; but we fail to recognise his point of view, and we fancy Mr. Dillon must have romanced a "wee," as we are no strangers to the environs of Cairo. (895), "A Drum-head Court Martial," C. Hunt, is a hackneyed subject, and by no means well treated. (902), "Mrs. Bruce Gardyne," by R. Herdman, R.S.A., is a portrait of no ordinary merit, and contrasts very favourably with that of "Mrs. Frederick" (949), by F. B. Barwell, which is dauby and meretricious, and takes up far more space than its merit entitles it to; but we suppose the hanging committee wanted a big picture to hang in this place, and took the best that offered of the required size. (903), "The Acceptation of the Lover," by F. Fagerlin, is very ordinary work; but the subject and the treatment of the figures deserves a passing notice. (914), "Marina at the Grave of her Nurse Lychorida," by H. O'Neil, A., is very poor, and unworthy of its position by the side of (915), "Reading a Will," by F. D. Hardy, which is admirable in tone and transparent in quality. Mr. Hardy is the best follower of Webster we have, and, however commonplace the subject, treats all his pictures in the same masterly manner. The details of this painting are all carefully studied, even down to the slits in the green window-blind, and the subdued colouring is in thorough harmony. (916), "The First Interview of the Divorced Empress Josephine with the King of Rome," by Mrs. E. M. Ward, is too ambitious a production to be passed over; but it is not good, and makes a strong, but utterly ineffectual, appeal to our sympathies. Mrs. Ward does not feel an interest in the subject, and perhaps it is therefore she fails to treat it properly. We have seen better pictures by A. Corbould than (921), "The Madras Hunt," the dappled grey horse in the left-hand corner of the scene being especially badly painted. We cannot say we envy Sir William Denison the possession of this *souvenir* of 1865. "The Wye near Whitechurch" (926), by G. Sant, is harmonious and warm in colour. (927), "Market-day in Newcastle," by C. Richardson, is, on the other hand, simply infamous—a foreground of impossible pigeons, and still more impossible pheasants, with a dim washy-looking market scene behind: we can only sigh to see such pictures in the Academy. (928), "A Widow's Mite," by J. E. Millais, R.A., is bad in execution and catchpenny in idea, and might safely have been omitted from the Exhibition by an artist who has availed himself of his privilege to exhibit six pictures, and among them, in the "Boyhood of Raleigh," possibly the *chef d'œuvre* of the year. (929), "Lady Macbeth," by T. F. Dicksee, is ambitious in design; but the colouring which has proved so effective in his smaller pictures, is certainly not suitable to figures of these dimensions; and we confess ourselves disappointed with this the only production of an artist we like to praise when we can fairly do so. (930), "Flowers," by Miss E. Amor, might pass for one of those samplers with which our grandmothers loved to adorn their walls. (935), "Nydia in the House of Glaucus" a quiet, unambitious little picture, by H. Goodall, is good all through (we mean no pun). There is delicacy of touch and poetic feeling in this to which we are glad to accord our meed of praise. (941), "The Foreseat," by J. Lobley, is good in drawing, but exhibits a want of concentration and proper distribution of light and shadow which neutralises the otherwise good points. (944), "Trawling," by J. H. Sampson, is bad; the colour of the sea is wrong, and as that is the principal matter, there is nothing more to be said. (932), "His Voice is heard in the Storm," by A. W. Williams, is a large and effective painting; we can see, however, that the artist is not painting from nature; but has simply "evolved out of the depths of his own consciousness" his idea of a storm on a lee shore, and yet without the faintest tinge of imagination. We cannot praise this. (947), "The Acolyte," by M. G. Brennan, is an excellent idea. The Acolyte looking on at street gamins playing outside the church door, and wishing he could join them, while the Verger lifts the curtain of the church door, and recalls him to the unwelcome service of the sanctuary. (984), "Sleeping for Sorrow," by J. Linnell, sen., is badly conceived, and worse executed. The scene, of course, is the Garden of Gethsemane; but the grotesque attitudes of the sleeping disciples, and the unoriental type of scenery, completely destroy the illusion which the painter would fain create. The colouring is forced, crude without intensity, glaring without warmth. Two sea-pieces will bear comparison here—(951), "Gurnard's Head, Coast of Cornwall," by G. Cole, and (960), "Coast of Cullercoats, Northumberland," by E. Hayes, R.H.A. The former is essentially weak in the pourtrayal of the rocky coast. The craggy sea line looks like what it is—mere painting; and we should scarcely mind being wrecked (if wrecked we must be) on such soft-looking rocks. The sunlight effect, glinting down on the green sward above, is not bad, however, and goes far to redeem the other defects. The latter has a cool, fresh, daylight effect, which is very taking to the eye; and what we can see of the picture (being hung as it is far too high) leads us to wish that it had displaced more unworthy specimens on the line—we could then have done it all the justice we are sure it deserves. (954), "Breakfast at Marbury Hall—portraits," by H. Weigall, is, as it should be (?), *teaboardy*. No doubt they are portraits. All the figures look as if they were sitting for their likenesses; and, while we give Mr. Weigall credit for the slight knowledge of art this picture displays, we can see nothing in it to redeem it from the merest mediocrity. (958), "Sir J. F. Burgoyne, Bart., G.C.B.," by B. S. Marks, is a good likeness, artistically painted, neither overdone nor underdone, and worthy alike of the gallant old general and his delineator. (964), "Undine," by Miss L. Starr, we have already alluded to in a former notice; but we beg our readers not to forget to look at this before passing on to

THE WATER COLOURS.

Mr. C. Vacher contributes two pictures, (521), "Karnak," and (639), "Angera, Lago Maggiori," both carefully painted—the former far better than the latter, which is rather weak and ineffective—but both are creditable pictures, and the former has the true Oriental ring about it which we do not fail to recognise. (526), "The Song of the Shirt," by W. J. Muckley, is exaggerated in all its details—a subject expressly calling for simplicity of treatment, Mr. Muckley has converted into a burlesque by his elaboration of detail. This is a picture to be noticed as an example of misdirected energy and false sentiment. (527), "Day Dreams," by E. Radford, is worthy of nothing but unqualified condemnation. It is sensual without the least particle of sentiment. Compare this with Orchardson's picture (172), and we cannot fail to distinguish between the idealism of the artist, and the "*grossièreté*" of a nature that can see nothing in a woman more than a decollèté and voluptuous figure. (529), "A Scotch Herring Curer," by H. Macallum, is entirely true to nature. A fresh, bright picture, with a reality about it that commends itself at once to the merest tyro in art. (532), "Portrait of Miss Curteis Whelan," by Miss A. E. Barker, a mere sketch of a wicked-looking little flirt; but well drawn, or it would not have conveyed this impression on the passing glance we gave it. (530), "Saint Barbara," by Miss A. Spartali—is sickening Pre-Raphaelitism. Bad art, bad painting, bad in every way. Oh! Miss Spartali, how could you?—and how did it come to be hung on the line. Echo answers, how?

Mr. W. R. Beverley has sent four sea pieces, Nos. 544, 561, 603, and 679, of which we vastly prefer the view of Worthing Sands; but they all bear witness to Mr. Beverley's masterly hand and knowledge of the subjects he is in the habit of selecting for study. (550), "Now Rosy May comes in with Flowers," by J. W. North, exhibits a vivid foreground of yellow grass, unnatural even on the brightest spring morning; the sky is patchy, moreover, and the general effect unpleasing to the eye. (553), "La fileuse Bretagnè," by J. Knight, is another inferior example of life study. A little further on we come across some exceedingly clever Eastern Sketches, by J. F. Lewis, R.A.: they are five in number, and, though the merest sketches, are full of spirit and character, and throw altogether in the shade the more elaborate and ambitious productions that surround them. E. W. Cooke, R.A., exhibits two large studies of sea pieces, in chalk, No. 563, "Dutch Boats off Amsterdam," is excellent in tone, and of the two, we prefer it to (582) "The Goodwin Light Ship;" but both are exceedingly spirited and effective. (No. 592,) "A Stone in her Shoe," by Mr. Charretie, is a clever little water-colour sketch of a girl seated on a bank taking off her shoe—an exceedingly simple and modest conception, that we cannot choose but admire. Mr. O. W. Brierly's picture of "Nile Boats in a Squall," taken during the Nile Expedition of the Prince and Princess of Wales, is better drawn than painted. The colour of the water is unlike that of the Nile at any time; but conceding, for the sake of argument, that the Nile is not the muddy, yellow-looking stream we know it to be from no slight personal experience, the colouring of the whole picture is patchy and uneven, and will not bear close scrutiny. (606), A very small cabinet picture, by G. Bouvier, "The Faded Rose," is commendable for its even tone and careful workmanship. There is nothing in the idea, but the execution shows M. Bouvier to be capable of greater things. (608), "Old Stained Glass," by H. R. Robertson, is another to which the same remarks apply—moreover the attitudes and expressions of the two priestly connoisseurs are very happily conceived and full of character.

T. Collier has two landscapes, (611) and (629), "Views in Cumberland," that are true alike to nature and to art. There is no unnatural straining after effect, but they commend themselves at once to the most exacting critic, and, o our thinking, are nearly perfect in their way, as

faithful and artistic examples of hill and dale and moorland. (620), "The Seamstress," by J. C. Playfair, is not bad as to colouring; but the idea and the attitude of the model are affected, and suggest anything rather than that which the title of the picture would imply. T. S. Cooper, R.A., gives us, as usual, the traditional cows, executed in his customary neat manner, in (619), "Sundown," and (628), "The Evening Drink." These might be recognised anywhere as Cooper's handiwork. Not so (627), "The Fleecy Charge," by the same artist—a flock of sheep in the snow—which is not so good as the others. The light is managed in a way we have not seen before, that we can call to mind, in any of Mr. Cooper's pictures—a dark cloud rising in the centre of the landscape; but the effect is a failure. (631), "A View of Hastings," by N. E. Green, is good, but hung too high to be well seen; this is the case with many other creditable pictures, for example (654), "Jock and his Mistress," a portrait, by A. A. Hunt. This is a pretty little thing; and there is something good, to our thinking, in the notion of combining in this manner portrait and subject painting, in place of the conventional "likeness of a lady." The grouping and pose of the figure is easy and natural, and (as far as we are able to judge, thanks to the hanging committee) the colouring whole and even in tone. (633), "A Midsummer Holiday," by A. Perry, is excellent. The worn-out cart-horses are drawn to the life, and the notion of their holiday, under the shade from the noontide heat, well conveyed. Mr. Perry is equally good in another line (656), "Neapolitan Fishing-boat running in for Naples," which is an effective picture, and bright, without being glaring in colour, as so many of these views of Naples are. (637) and (649), Two Sea Views by E. Duncan, well sustain their author's reputation.

Our space will not admit of further criticism this week, so we must leave the rest of this gallery to another day.

London Lyrics.

No. 27.

FOUND.

THERE is a sound along the shore
Of ever-rising wind and waves,
And he who reads the horizon's lore
Foretells the yawn of ocean graves;
Low sighs come sadly o'er the wold,
And breathe around the lonely hall,
The lingering leaves in silence fall,
And strew the land with withering gold;

And solemn Autumn spreads her wings
And bids the shuddering earth good-night,
As rough-browed winter comes and flings
His shadows o'er the paling light;
And by the rocks, and up the creeks
Where swells the brown and tumbled tide,
I seem to see the storm-wraiths glide,
And, dreaming, hear their wilder shrieks.

Whose faltering footsteps press the sand,
What time the short day closes in?
Who lifts to heaven a palsied hand,
And cries a curse on human sin?
The white hair by the blast is tost—
An old man cowers on the beach,
Far out to sea his wailings reach
In one long hopeless cry of "Lost!"

Hush! what is this that nears him now?
It seems some angel, come to cheer:
There's light upon her marble brow,
And love about her eyelids clear;
Far down her golden tresses float,
And bathe her in their yellow beams,
Lit by the moonlight's fitful gleams,
And, "Lo!" she cries, "a boat! a boat!"

White fingers point across the waste,
To one small shadow, black and lone,
That by the raging wind is chased,
One moment seen—one moment gone—
As round about it spumes the foam;
Yet still it seems to near the strand,
Struggling to reach the quiet land,
As one who battles towards his home.

The wild tide, surging shoreward, brings
Its frail freight nearer and more near;
Then, with a mightier wave, it flings
On strand a boat which is a bier;
There lies a pale form in the bow,
The curling locks are straight with wet,
The eyes with stony glaze are set:
He never slept so calm as now!

Yes, lady with the golden hair,
It is the victim of your pride!
Mark well—your latest triumph is there!
He gave you all his love—and died!
Go—get you to your world again,
Quit for bright scenes this barren shore,
And bear this trophy evermore
Deep in your heart, and in your brain!

Lost! lost? Oh no, he may not come
Back, broken-hearted sire, to you—
Pass onward from your childless home
To where Lord God makes all things new.
For, hark! above the raging sound
Of this rough life's tempestuous sea,
There floats the angels' harmony,
"Lost on the earth; in heaven, Found!"

The Grumbler.

OF course I was at the Derby? Why certainly I was; but it does not follow, as you would doubtless wish to insinuate, that I went for the purpose of finding something to grumble at, or that I found or saw anything to complain of. No; I am bound to say that everything went off with the strictest propriety and decorum; and, thanks to the *prévoyance* and good management of our intelligent police, backed by the puritanical care of a very liberal Government—the former with new helmets on, and the latter with another quarter's salary all but in their pockets—nothing could have been more respectable, quiet, or tame than the Derby Meeting at Epsom, June the 1st, A.D. 1870. Indeed, the thousands—nay, tens of thousands—who thronged the course were, to use the strongest term, most sedately orderly and delightfully dull. Not a betting-booth to be detected: not a welcher to be bonneted; scarce a drag on the hill, and "cocottes," if any, delicately and decently kept out of sight. Two or three good showers of dust-laying rain, a magnificent view of miles of umbrellas, and last, though by no means the least, the wrong horse wins, and the favourite, with 2 to 1 and Fordham "*on him*," nowhere; and everything, as I said before, as flat, stale, orderly, and—even to the winner—unprofitable, as it was possible for a Derby Day to be. The foreigners, who mustered strong—though unrepresented again this year by any all-conquering Gladiateur—were evidently surprised and disappointed at our having so thoroughly succeeded in imitating the respectable inanition and absence of all excitement that pervades foreign race-courses, and is the charm of Longchamps and Chantilly; and their astonishment must have evidently been great upon being witnesses to our success in establishing upon Epsom Downs the same drawing-room etiquette, decorum, and propriety that has ever been the boast of French race meetings, and given such a quiet charm to a race-course abroad. It is true that our neighbours generally take but little if any interest at all in the sport, and that stud lore and racing matters are confined pretty nearly to the members of the Jockey Club,—a fact that may be supported by an observation made to a friend by a most intelligent and distinguished foreigner, "that they had just lost in France the greatest of horse—West Australian—which they have buy, for he have win the Derby three times;" and for aught I care, they may buy Kingcraft, if his noble owner should feel disposed to sell him; or, indeed, any of our promising two-year-olds, for if the Derby meeting of 1871 promises to be as dull and flat as that of 1870, all I can say is that I shall most certainly prefer to make arrangements with a party I know in the neighbourhood of Pimlico, drive quietly down in their snug brougham to Teddington, and have an exciting day of gudgeon fishing in a punt moored off the weir, and lunch three times from the tavern close by, and return to dine like respectable and rational people at No. never-mind-what-street, Thingamy Square, Brompton, there spend the evening with bad music or cheap lansquenet, and go home early a wiser if not a better man. Why am I so hard upon the Derby Meeting this year? Must surely have lost my money—must I? Well, in answer to your first, 'twould be impossible to be hard upon anything so soft—and as to the second, though I own to the fact that, like many others, I really thought Macgregor would have been "to the fore," and not fourth, I no more backed him than do I suppose Fordham did. Yet I must say that I think it a pity we should get on so fast refining down—to use a sugar-baker's simile—that we are getting so pure to the eye-sight, at the cost of all saccharine matter to the taste, and that, as sugar should essentially be a thing to taste and sweeten rather than look at, so should our English Derby Day, a rough and ready manly outing, a Palmerstonian meeting, where the pith and sinew of the nation should show with some genuine outburst of good feeling and fun, rather than be converted into a prudish, conventicle, out-o'-door kind of meeting, comparable only to an innocent game of croquet, or a shy at Aunt Sally for a cocoa-nut. Depend upon it, the whole thing is a mistake; and the patronage of Gladstone on the Downs is about the best proof of the total failure as an English fête of the Derby Day of 1870.

The Man in the Stalls.

HABITUALLY breathing an aristocratic atmosphere (I think it has been mentioned that I occupy a part of a mansion in Camden Town), associating with the *crême* of the upper ten (I am on the most intimate terms with the Vice-Chairman of the St. Pancras Board of Guardians), I cherish a profound horror of the British Workman. That sort of creature is all very well in his way—I suppose we can't have houses built or railways made without him—but he is not a pleasant sort of person, to hear, see, or smell. *That*, even *you*, Liberal, Ballot-cum-Universal-Suffrage-mongers, must admit. When, therefore, I was told by one of the writers in those insufferably large broad sheets that H. Neville was great as a blacksmith in Charles Reade's new play, I tried to shirk my duty, and avoid seeing him. Not that blacksmiths are *all* objectionable. There was the fellow who slew the tax-gatherer "in Richard's time," for an offence to his child—he had spirit, he had; and there was the Harmonious Blacksmith; and the Village Blacksmith, whom poor Weiss's *basso profondo* made musical; and then there was the brawny Vulcan who allowed Sir Charles Coldstream to pitch him into the river—illustrating the superiority of aristocratic science over plebeian muscle. But these were isolated exceptions. The popular notion of the smith is that he is a grimy, brawny, illiterate lump of physical power, whose face is always smutty, whose hands are commonly black. I didn't care to go. A young connection—Bill Coombes—volunteered to personate me. He went to the Adelphi—there was plenty of room—for Robert Romer, the chief attraction, is not in the company. He saw the play, and brought me what *he* called a critique, but what *I* call a *Free Labour* rhapsody; I could not adopt it, but Bill Coombes—he is my brother-in-law once removed, in fact, my Deceased Wife's Sister's "Bill"—told me that Neville actually made a knife on the stage with a real hammer and a real anvil! Could I resist *that?* We live in a realistic age. Real water, real horses, real fire, real vehicles—everything real, excepting the human face and human calves—make up the main attractions of the British stage. Well, the truth must be told—the knife is really made at a real forge; and if Neville is not invited to the Cutler's Feast at Sheffield, there is no gratitude in man, and Roebuck is an imposter. Reade ought to congratulate himself on having so sharp a blade as Bob Brierly for his hero. The fabrication of the weapon is decidedly clever. I remember something of the same kind in *Benvenuto Cellini*, on the French stage. Benvenuto, imprisoned because he has offended the *chère amie* of Francis the First, sees, in his captivity, the jailor's daughter; struck with the beauty of her form as she promenades the garden, he makes use of the implements of the sculptor,

which are vouchsafed him in his captivity, to mould a statuette. The manipulation was performed before the audience. The actor took twenty minutes to execute the task. The audience sat breathless, watching the operation with intense interest. There was profound silence, broken only by the occasional ejaculations of the workman—"*Qu'elle est belle!*—or by a few bars of soft music. At length the figure is completed, and a yell of universal delight and relief bursts from a thousand throats. "Is it not wonderful!" I exclaimed, to a neighbour on my left. "*Bah!*" retorted the jealous idiot, "*Ce monsieur la n'est pas artiste du tout—il n'est qu'un sculpteur!*" Shades of Michael Angelo, Phidias, Praxiteles, Milo, was not this flat heresy? "*Only* a sculptor!" Let any man say as much of me, and, by Jove, I'll worship him. Would any one wish for a higher position than to be placed on the same pedestal with Flaxman, Canova, Thorwaldsen, or Gibson? Faugh! To what blundering lengths will not detraction go!

To say that because I hate the perpetual sight of low-bred fellows with thews and sinews on the stage, I don't like Charles Reade's play, is to go beyond the truth. It has the merit of vigour in the treatment of a disagreeable subject. It strikes at Trades' Unions; it has a good situation—one only—the dialogue is unexceptionable. Then two new actresses are introduced who can refer to something better than their legs (which we do not see, because they're not in sight), and that's a great gain in these times. Misses Robertha Erskine and Margaret Young will hold their places in London. I kiss their hands.

Ah! thinking of woman, lovely woman, Nature's most agreeable blunder, I have to record that *Frou-Frou*, in the persons of Miss Beatrice and Miss Mordaunt, has disappeared from the bills of the Olympic and the St. James's. I told the people that the piece would never take root in England. It wanted *solidarité*. Mrs. John Wood has fallen back upon *She Stoops to Conquer*, as if we had not had Noll's comedy *usque ad nauseam*. Where is the long-promised *School for Scandal?*—not that I am in any hurry for such Surfaces as the St. James's could produce; but a change of any kind is desirable. If I might whisper a word in Mrs. John's ear, I would delicately hint to her that she has the means of giving us in good style some of Shakespeare's comedies, in which she could herself take part. What would she say to the *Merry Wives of Windsor?* Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page could not have more charming representatives than Mrs. Wood and *Miss* Herbert; and would not Henrade be a darling Anne Page? I have seen Barton Hill play Ford right well—I think it was at Philadelphia. Falstaff!—um—um—um—Phelps is disengaged. A better fat knight could not possibly be desired. I do not forget him at the Wells. He was not the oily buffoon, the unctuous old rascal, too commonly put before an English audience: he was simply a sensuous, gallant, elderly gentleman upon rather a large scale. The scene with Dame Quickly—exquisitely played by that ever fresh and genial actress, Mrs. Marston (now, I fear, lost to us)—was a thing never to be forgotten.

I have not strength of mind to speak of the French Plays at the Princess's. Meteor after meteor flashes before my vision, dazzling by its brilliancy, and leaving behind a deep-seated sorrow that I cannot catch them in their flight, and pin them to British ground, as bright examples of what the drama really is in capable hands. Lafont and Regnier, Leonide Leblanc and Madeleine Brohan, form a group that transmits (I fear I must almost speak in the past tense, for *La Grande Duchesse* pushes them from their stools) everything they touch to polished gold. *L'Aventurière*, *La Joie fait peur*, *Nos bon Villageois*, with *Une Chaine* have constituted a gorgeous entertainment for those who can enjoy the highest efforts of histrionic art applied to pathetic comedy. Regnier, who is really about to quit the French stage altogether, will not easily be replaced, even in France.

There is hope of the Charing Cross Theatre—without exception, the prettiest box in London. It only wanted something on the stage to keep the decorations of the *salle* in countenance, to become one of the public pets. The *Gentleman in Black*, a fanciful musical legend, jointly worked out by W. S. Gilbert and Fred. Clay, supplies the want. Five times in one article the *Morning Post* tells us it is "exceedingly clever," a phrase that would be quite misunderstood in Ireland or in America, where they *spike* the English "with a difference." My vocabulary is not so meagre as to force me to the *crambe repetita* of one phrase; but I must defer till next week a particular account of the new candidate for favour, for I only had time, on the Derby night, for a glimpse at a part of the piece.

For upwards of 100 nights *'Twixt Axe and Crown* had fixed public attention before I could manage to see the play a second time. The second visit did not abate the pleasure of listening to good poetry, or following the details of the plot; nor did I find that Mrs. Rousby's rare beauty had suffered from the monotonous toil of a three months' repetition of the same part. I thought her voice exhibited symptoms of wear and tear. It had become metallic, and unequal to the due expression of the passages requiring force. Thus, the scene in the Tower, which has been likened to that in *Romeo and Juliet*, when Juliet gives way to horrible phantasms, was a failure. Mr. Rousby is very tame and ineffective. With such an actor as G. Rignold in the company, nothing but Mr. R.'s domestic relation to the heroine could have led the management to make him the representative of Courtenay. The rest of the *dram. pers.* are unusually meritorious. Ryder and Marston play as only experienced actors can play. Belford is chaste and humorous, and Mrs. Pauncefort presents a capital picture of the unhappy queen whose memory is credited with so many regal crimes. I do not think the closing portion of the last scene of the play has received sufficient notice at the hands of the professional critics. It is a charming bit of pathos, and is played with nice discrimination by the lovely representative of Elizabeth.

We get so much into the habit of concentrating our thoughts and pursuits in London, that we forget the suburbs and all the latent talent they contain. The Crystal Palace is the only exception. Cremorne deserves attention, for Baum is making it decent and attractive. Islington now and then receives a *mot* of praise; but Camden Town, which has its Halls and Lecture Rooms—Camden Town, which once boasted Mother Shipton, the *bel sorcière*, who "spake right painted cloth"—and Mother Redcap, who whilome invited passengers to stop and taste her tap, promising them nasal efflorescence, "meteors, and exhalations"—is (that I should live to know it and tell it in Gath!)—is forgotten as the abode of Euterpe, and the favoured resort of Momus. What am I driving at? I will tell you; I am driving at the positive possession of talent—musical and dramatic—a scion of neglected sort—

> "Cherished, it blooms—its sweets and flowers arise;
> Blasted by apathy, it falls and dies."

Yes, sirree! let us cherish it. I assisted at a local concert on Monday, given by a Mr. Cross. The programme was full, and embraced some good selections. There was a very pretty soprano, hight Blanche Owen, who really knows something of music, and has a rare amount of dramatic capability. She has been badly tutored as to the management of her voice. The lower notes are soft and mellifluous, the upper ones go altogether out of bounds, and get into the *criards* which "bring down the house," and make the judicious grieve. There was also a Mr. Harry Thomas, whose style of portraiture comes close upon the heels of John Parry. He does not accompany himself, and that gives scope for a good deal of happy gesticulation. By way of relief to the musical part of the entertainment, a Mr. Alexander McDonald came out strong with two comic recitations. In Mr. McDonald we have something more than the germ of an excellent light comedian—the eccentric *compris*. He has a good voice, much facial flexibility, a clear and varied elocution, and his bearing is that of a gentleman. His pronunciation of French bespeaks the educated man. If I were selfish enough to wish that Camden Town might continue the centre of the arts (you know I live in Paradise Place), I would avoid making public the existence of such remarkable ability; but I honestly desire a wider arena for Mr. McDonald, and shall be happy to look at him from my stall at the Haymarket or the Adelphi. When another concert is given at Camden Town, I will ask for a *da capo* of "When thy bosom heaves the sigh." Mr. Cross and Miss Owen do not exactly reproduce Braham and Storace; but their execution, if comparatively faint, was faultless. Perhaps the immense superiority of the songs written fifty years ago over the vapid, flimsy, music-master's trash, screamed out in drawing-rooms in these degenerate days, may account for the pleasure experienced by the "Man in the Stalls."

AMATEUR DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE.

ON Tuesday evening, June 16th, Sir Charles L. Young and other distinguished amateur performers, gentlemen as well as ladies, will give a representation at St. George's Hall on behalf of a very useful society—"The Working Men's Club and Institute Union." The pieces will consist of "A Thumping Legacy," and Lord Lytton's drama of "The Rightful Heir." The performance has the patronage of his Highness the Nawab-Nazim of Bengal, the Earl and Countess of Lichfield, the Earl and Countess of Ducie, Lord and Lady Lyttelton, Lord Wharncliffe, and many others.

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

EPSOM Summer Meeting commenced tamely enough, and in the presence of an assemblage which bore a far from favourable contrast with the muster of many previous years. The rain, which seemed imminent in the early morning, held off, and the afternoon was as agreeable as it could be to man, though the adamantine nature of the ground must have been sufficiently trying to render Epsom a name of terror to beast for some time to come. The sport was, with the exception of the much-maligned juvenile branch, of a very moderate description. The Maiden Plate produced a large muster of twenty-four, the best looking of which were Mr. Chaplin's fillies, both of whom give promise of future successes. The Bab at the Bowster filly, one of the all-rose young ladies, was made favourite, but her stable-companion had the length of her foot, and, though beaten by the Miss Penhill filly and Wanderer, who made a dead-heat of it, ran so well, that she seemed at the distance to be coming in alone. She did not, however; "At which," as Mr. Pepys would say, "remarks." The Woodcote saw the Rambling Katie filly—whom Mr. Merry elected to run in preference to the uncommonly good-looking Brother to Sunlight, who was in the paddock—a warm favourite, but she was beaten, after a splendid finish, by the Sister to Pandore; the pair alone being in the race throughout. There was more of interest to chronicle during the first day, which was singularly calm and unexciting.

Leaving statistics of company and descriptions of the scenes by road and rail to those who like such efforts of genius, I will plunge at once *in medias res*, which may be freely translated here, the starting-post—as paddock, this year, there was none; and as to the preliminary canters, the only incidents were the non-appearance of Kingcraft and the derision excited by the wretched Cockney Boy; the shortness, it seemed to me, I detected in the favourite's canter, being so generally negatived, that I will set it *down as an opinion only;* as, likewise, that the freest and best goers, to my mind, were Palmerston and Cymbal; but on this point, of all others, *quot homines tot sententiæ*. The start, after one failure, was evenly effected, and, as I am not proposing to compete with the photographers of the Turf, I shall merely say that, up to the turn into the straight, the colours of Palmerston and Macgregor, with attendant glimpses of King o' Scots, Bonny Swell, and Prince of Wales, were the most prominent. That, in descending the hill, the favourite unmistakably faltered, and though struggling on gamely, he was virtually settled by the descent and the hard ground, and out of the race from this point. That Kingcraft and Muster, who had occupied the rear, began to draw up as the pace slackened, which it did perceptibly on reaching the corner, and came into the straight nearly abreast with Palmerston, the favourite, and Bonny Swell, who formed the leading division. That, at the distance, Fordham

made a "Last Appeal" to Macgregor, but the horse, though willing, had not an effort left, and Palmerston and Muster, drawing away, seemed about to finish the race between them. That half-way up, Kingcraft, who had been lying off, came up hand over hand, and, passing the leaders with the utmost ease, won, if not in a canter, in as good an imitation of it as ever was seen in a Derby.

So complete a reversal of the Two Thousand form, as that displayed by Macgregor and Kingcraft, might, it is just feasible, have been consistent with possibilities; but the position of Muster conclusively proves the Derby running to be utterly wrong. Macgregor—as I feared would be the case—was, it is now clear to my mind, settled by the Biennial performance; and Mr. Merry, like Mr. Hill, has paid a forfeit for coveting £600, which he is likely to remember all his life. It was freely reported after the race that the horse had broken down; and from the way he came down hill, I am quite prepared to hear of the sprain of a back sinew. Nothing more could have been done for a horse than was effected by Fordham; but it was unfair to Daley, much as he may congratulate himself now, to prevent him having a chance of landing the double event. French's horsemanship—always beyond reproach—artistic, quiet, and thoroughly "good style," was never seen to better advantage than when he came round the turn with Kingcraft; and Chaloner, as usual, fought a good fight, though unsuccessfully. Of the rest of the incidents, I have neither time, space, nor, I may truly add, heart to write. I have known for many months past that Macgregor was the best horse in England, and—woe is me!—profited by the knowledge; and to see him disgraced—solely, as I sincerely believe, from the insane policy of running him on adamant a week before the Derby—has both saddened and impoverished me. But as the editor truly observes, *this* is not the column in which to air my private griefs. In the form of paid advertisement, as he inhumanly suggests, I may drivel as long as I please. As has been said once or twice before, he jests at scars—who never stood a favourite.

Thursday, though boasting a somewhat more taking card than is usual on that dispiriting "off" day, was as miserable as a day, fraught with such bitter memories, must necessarily be, and repentance and seltzer-water were more its order than "fiz" and speculation. The most interesting item of the card was the Two-year-old Plate, which resulted in a really splendid finish between Turquoise, who had had a wonderful trial with the French team, and Baron Rothschild's Starlight filly—Fordham, on the latter, just making a dead-heat of it in the last stride. The High-Level Handicap proved too much for Border Knight under 8st 12lbs, and too hard for Thor, who betrayed far from lively recollections of Tuesday's journey, the game old Paganini just managing to defeat Count Batthyany's horse by a neck. The rest of the performances, which were of a broken-bottle and empty lobster-shell character, call for no notice at my hands.

The result of the Oaks proved as great a surprise as that of the Derby—the favourite, Hester, failing to run even into a place; the winner turned up in Mr. Graham's Gamos, who, it will be remembered, was beaten in a canter by Macgregor at Bath; Sunshine, beaten a length, was second, half a length in front of Paté.

There will be racing of various quality next week at Croydon, West Drayton, St. Albans, Lewes, and Manchester—a list more remarkable for quantity than quality, as to the larger half of which I shall preserve a discreet silence. Manchester is, indeed, the only meeting of the quintette to which it could possibly be safe or profitable to allude at the present time; and even as to that fixture I shall, of *malice prepense*, confine myself to a few of the more important items.

The De Trafford Cup—the lion of the first day—has an entry of 29, the most formidable of which seem to be Muster, 7st 6lbs; Fairwind, 7st 2lbs; Zapolya, 7st; and Newsman, 6st 12lbs. If Muster were a more reliable customer, and ran two days alike, the race would be at his mercy; but, taking him as he is, I shall couple him with Zapolya to produce the winner.

In the Copeland Stakes, for two-year-olds, Paesano will, I think, mend his previous performance, as so well bred a horse should, and Hesperia might run into a place.

The Manchester Tradesmen's Cup, on the second day, has a miserable acceptance of 13 out of an entry of 41; and Muster is again dangerous with but 7st 9lbs in a much heavier handicap. Lord Wilton, however, has Sylva, 8st 5lbs, also engaged: and whichever he honours with his confidence should about win.

The Salford Borough Cup looks pretty well for Ben-An, 7st 12lbs; Zapolya, 7st 5lbs; and Firefly, 6st 13lbs: the latter, if supported by the stable, being worth an investment.

The rest of the programme furnishes no material for comment at all likely to prove profitable to my readers.

FORECAST.

RACING FIXTURES.

JUNE.

Lewis	7	Newcastle	21
Croydon	8	Hampton	23
Manchester	8	Odiham	28
Ascot	14	Newton	29
Beverley	15	Bibury Club	29
Windsor	21	Stockbridge	30

HINTS TO THE ANONYMOUS.

f. by St. Albans—Rosabel ..... *Santa Rosa.*
c. by Knight of St. Patrick—Seville ..... *Picton.*
c. by Man at Arms—Anticipation ..... *Attention.*
f. by Costa—Morgan la Faye ..... *Enchantress.*
f. by Caterer—Secret ..... *Cat-in-the-bag.*
c. by Neptunus—Bouquet ..... *Iodine.*
c. by Neville—Sneeze ..... *Sniveller.*
c. by Vengeance—Hirsuta ..... *Razor-bill.*
c by Kettledrum—Coalition ..... *Double Drum.*
f. by Dollar—Silverhair ..... *Half-crown.*
f. by Dundee—Restless ..... *Irritation.*
f. by Saccharometer—Prescription ..... *Gilded Pill.*
f. by Saccharometer—Honey ..... *My Sweetest.*

In the Arena.

In our remarks on the Strangers' Half Mile at the King's College School Sports, we, as our Editor stated last week in reply to Mr. Rye's letter, are excessively sorry that we should have been led to make such a statement as, "that the handicap had been altered in consequence of the glaring errors made in it;" but, in self defence, we feel bound to say that on the ground it was the current report that the committee had altered the handicap as above stated, and, moreover, it was actually told us by a member of the committee that such was the case. Mr. Rye's letter completely explains the matter, and it only shows how much can be made by grumblers out of a very small fact; and we again beg to express our regret for our mistake to Mr. Rye, who, as a "fellow scribe," can easily understand how we fell into the error.

The Civil Service Sports were as usual favoured with fine weather and a large attendance. The various toilettes of the ladies, who were on the pavilion seats, reminded us of Ascot, on the cup day, on a miniature scale. Mr. Eames, as we expected, was equal to the task of winning both the 100 Yards and 220 Yards races. In the former event, one of its features was the re-appearance, on the running path, of Mr. Guy Pym—one of the best, if not the best quarter-mile and 100 yards runners of his day; he, however, showed but very little of his old brilliant form, for which we were sorry, but were pleased to see him again in his running dress, and there is no reason that he should not again run well, if he took sufficient practice. The Mile Challenge Cup was won by Mr. Sydenham Dixon for the third consecutive time, and thus becomes his own property. The time in which the race was won was not first class; but there can be no doubt that Mr. Dixon could have run the race in several seconds shorter time if his antagonist had been equal to the task of making him race. Mr. Bullock, of the India Office, put the 16lb-shot 38ft 9in—the longest public amateur "put" on record;—we should have liked to have seen this gentleman in competition with the Rossendale man, Mr. Mitchell, or the undefeated Mr. Stone, of Manchester. Mr. Bentley, who, although hitherto unsuccessful this year, had done some good times, carried off the Three-miles walking very easily. Mr. Whitmore won the Two-miles race, and the Quarter and Half-mile races were won, respectively, by Messrs. Wood and Herbert. The Strangers' race, which this year was altered into a handicap, was won by Mr. Richardson, of the South Essex Club, who was favoured with the "limit" of 130 yards. The High Jump was noticeable for resulting in a dead heat between three, who solved the question of superiority by tossing for the prize. The Mile Sweepstakes between Rogers, E. Mills, Golden, and Coney, came off last Monday, at the Star Grounds, and resulted in the victory of E. Mills, after one of the most genuine and best-contested races that have been of late years seen in London among professional pedestrians.

The third match for the billiard championship, between J. Roberts, jun. (champion), and J. Bowles, of Brighton (the challenger), took place last Monday night, at St. James's Hall, and resulted, as was generally expected, in an easy victory for the young champion. The attendance at this match, and at the late one between J. Roberts, jun., and W. Cook, formed a great contrast to the numbers who were present when Cook and old John Roberts contested for the championship,—indeed, that match will always be spoken of as *the* match for the championship. In the present match under notice, there were no remarkable breaks to record, and Bowles, in the earlier stages of the game, seemed to want confidence,—the very opposite being the case with his opponent, who, after a very long and tedious game, won by 246 points.

The Cambridge Eleven were successful in their match against the M.C.C., and the one against the Gentlemen of England resulted in a draw very much in favour of the University Eleven. All the old members of the Eleven, viz., Messrs. Yardley, Money, Thornton, Dale, Brune, and Nixon, appear to be in good form this year, and Messrs. Fryer and Cobden seem the best of the new blood—the former for his batting, and the latter for his bowling. The match between Surrey and Lancashire resulted in victory for the northern county by nine wickets, chiefly attributable to the excellent bowling of Mr. Appleby and Hickton. Surrey, this year, seems to be weaker than ever, for with the exception of Jupp—and he has no reliable bat—Griffith and Southerton appear to be the standing dishes in the bowling department, as the colts, Vince and Long, are not equal to their vocation.

Fun of the Day.

(From *Fun*.)

CONS FOR THE COURSE.

Why is it impossible to make parchment out of the skin of a camel?—Because it isn't a drum-head-ary.

What is the difference between Leda and King Pepple?—She was a swanny belle, and he is a Bonny swell.

DITTIES FOR THE DOWNS.

THE WINNER'S WARBLE.—Haul in the Downs!

THE LOSER'S LAY.—"Parting" is such sweet sorrow!

SONG FOR BETTING MEN.—"I Love the Merry, Merry Sunshine."

TIED TO TIME.—Watchmakers' apprentices.

GLEANING FROM GLENNY.—Long bean extinct the Bow-street runner.

Why should the Suez Canal improve the visionary powers of Africa?—Because it makes it an eye land.

(From *Will-o'-the-Wisp*.)

Why is an M.P. about to address the house like a self-evident proposition?—Because he stands to reason.

Why is the Derby never new?—Because its a three-year-old affair.

A FACT.—All the horses that run in the Derby will be *backed* by jockeys.

What reason would induce certain people not to go to the Derby?—The fact of its being a *coarse* affair.

Why is the winner of the Derby like a compounding chemist after his day's work?—Because he's come in from his gallop hot (gallipot).

Why is the horse on which you bet sure not to win?—Because you *back* it.

(From *Judy*.)

LEGAL QUERY.—Should the limbs of the law be clothed in breaches of promise?

When a drunkard is liable to lose his head, would it not be better to fix it in a gin sling?

How to make a fire hot—Keep it coaled.

The anchor's weighed, and is shortly to be sold for old iron at all the dockyards.

(From *Punch and Judy*.)

TO DR. SHORTHOUSE.—Do betting men, more than any other class of society, suffer from *ossification* of the valves of the heart?

AN EPSOM "SALT."—Admiral Rous.

A STRANGE PROCEEDING.—Betting *men*.

WANTED TO KNOW.—At what *Academy* was Mr. Ayrton educated?

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN THE LAST NUMBER.

P	revaricato	R
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* A Parisian would probably have said, "Oh oui!"

Advertisements.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Prospective Arrangements. THIS EVENING (Saturday), June 4 (first time this season), Bellini's Opera, NORMA. Pollio, Signor Naudin; Oroveso, Signor Bagagiolo; Flavio, Signor Rossi; Adalgisa, Mdlle. Olina (her first appearance in that character); Clotilde, Mdlle. Baiocchi; and Norma, Mdlle. Titiens. After which, the last act of Ambroise Thomas's Opera, HAMLET (including the Ballet and the celebrated Mad Scene). Ophelia, Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi. Conductor, Signor Bevignani. The incidental Ballet will be supported by Mdlle. Blanche Ricois and Mdlle. Adele Boni.

Next Week there will be Six Performances, viz., Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

Extra Night.—On Monday Next, June 6 (first time this season), IL TROVATORE. Signor Vizzani (his first appearance in England), Signor Cotogni, Signor Tagliafico, Mdlle. Scalchi, and Mdlle. Titiens.

On Tuesday Next, June 7 (first time this season), FRA DIAVOLO. Zerlina, Madame Pauline Lucca.

Extra Night.—On Wednesday Next, June 8, IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA. Rosina, Madame Adelina Patti; and Almaviva, Signor Mario.

Extra Night.—On Thursday Next, June 9, LE NOZZE DI FIGARO. Madame Pauline Lucca, Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi, Signori Graziani, Cotogni, Ciampi, and Tagliafico, and Mdlle. Titiens.

The new opera of ESMERALDA, composed by Signor Campana, and lately performed at the Imperial Opera at St. Petersburgh, with such eminent success, is in rehearsal, and will shortly be produced. The part of Esmeralda by Madame Adelina Patti.

The Opera commences at half-past Eight.

A GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place in the Floral Hall, Covent Garden, on Saturday, June 18, supported by all the principal artistes of the Royal Italian Opera. To commence at two o'clock. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; unreserved seats, 5s.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.—Prospective Arrangements. THIS EVENING (Saturday) Mozart's LE NOZZE DI FIGARO. Il Conte, Mr. Santley; Figaro, M. Faure; Bartolo, Signor Foli; Basilio, Mr. Lyall; Antonio, Signor Zoboli; Don Curzio, Signor Rinaldini; Marcellina, Madame Corsi; Cherubino, Mdlle. Pauline Lewitzky (her 2nd appearance in that character); Susanna, Madame Volpini (her 2nd appearance in that character in London); and La Contessa, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her first appearance in that character). Conductor, Signor Arditi.

Monday, June 6, IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA. Conte Almaviva, Signor Bettini; Figaro, Signor Gassier; Basilio, Signor Foli; Bartolo, Signor Castelli; Berta, Madame Corsi; and Rosina, Madame Monbelli.

Tuesday, June 7, Meyerbeer's Opera, DINORAH. Corentino, Signor Gardoni; Hoel, Mr. Santley; Un Mietitore, Signor Rinaldini; Un Cacciatore, Signor Raguer; Due Capral, Mdlles. Vinta and Briani; Una Capraia, Madame Corsi; Una Capraio, Mdlle. Cari; and Dinorah, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska.

Thursday, June 9, ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO. Roberto, Signor Mongini; Raimbaldo, Signor Gardoni; Bertramo, Signor Foli; Un Prete, Signor Gassier; Alberti, Signor Ragueri; Un Araldo, Signor Rinaldini; Cavalieri, Signor Archini, Signor Castelli, Signor Zoboli, Signor Trevero; Elena, Mdlle. Fioretti; Isabella, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska; and Alice, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

Acting Manager, Mr. Jarrett.

Doors open at eight o'clock; the opera will commence at half-past. The Box-office of the theatre is open daily from ten to five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

Signor Arditi's Grand Morning Concert will take place on Friday, June 10, supported by all the principal artists. Band and Chorus of the Italian Opera, Drury Lane.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI. Summer Season.—New company, new drama, new scenery.—JUNE 4, and till further notice a popular drama, called FREE LABOUR, written by Charles Reade, from his popular story, "Put Yourself in his Place." To this will shortly be added a comedy, "MOLIERE'S MASTERPIECE," with the business as handed down from the time of that immortal author. In the drama, Messrs. Henry Neville, John Chute, Ashley, R. Phillips, George Pearce, J. F. Sinclair; Misses Margaret Young, Robertha Erskine, and other members of the summer company. In the comedy, Mr. Vining, Mrs. Seymour, Miss Phillis Glover, Miss Florence Terry, and other members of the summer company.

GAIETY THEATRE, Strand.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.

GAIETY.—7.30, Mr. ALFRED WIGAN (by desire)

GAIETY.—In THE FIRST NIGHT (Comic Drama, one act).

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ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Old and New Comedy on alternate nights. Grand burlesque every night. FROU-FROU nights, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Doors open at seven.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mrs. JOHN WOOD in LA BELLE SAUVAGE at 9.45. Misses Everard, Turner, Lovell, and full Corps de Ballet; Messrs. Mark Smith, Young, Grainger, and Lionel Brough. New songs, dances, and dresses. 155th night.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mrs. JOHN WOOD as H.R.H. the Princess POCAHONTAS. "Brilliant success."—Times. "Decided success.—Daily Telegraph. "Immense success."—Standard. "Legitimate success."—Daily News. "Grand success."—Paris Figaro. Prices, 1s. to £2 2s. Carriages, 11.15.

CHARING CROSS THEATRE.—Lessee and Manageress, Miss E. Fowler.—THIS EVENING, a new and original comedy, by Joseph J. Dilley, Esq., entitled ILLUSIONS, in which Mr. E. Danvers and Miss Marie Dalton will appear. New scene, "Bank of the Thames," by W. Leitch.

THIS EVENING, a new and original musical legend, THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK, by W. S. Gilbert, music by Frederic Clay. Miss E. Fowler, Madame Emmeline Cole; Messrs. W. M. Terrott, Flockton, Robson, and E. Danvers. At the CHARING CROSS THEATRE. Box-office open 11 to 4.

HOLBORN THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. C. T. Burleigh. Best ventilated and most comfortable Theatre in London. Brilliant success of Mr. Roberts's grand original drama, BEHIND THE CURTAIN, nightly received with a perfect storm of acclamation, and pronounced by press and public the hit of the day. Crowded nightly. To insure seats, the public is respectfully requested to book in advance. EVERY EVENING, at eight.

LYCEUM.—LITTLE FAUST!—Crowded houses. Unqualified success.—At 7.30, the new Comedietta, HIS OWN RIVAL. Mr. F. Charles, Miss L. Morgan. At 8, Offenbach's popular Operetta, BREAKING THE SPELL. Messrs. G. F. Neville, Aynsley Cook, and Miss S. Dolaro. At 8.30, the celebrated Opera Bouffe, LITTLE FAUST, supported by the most complete troupe of artistes and auxiliaries ever brought together.

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OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Miss BATEMAN has been engaged for a limited period, and will make her 12th appearance since her return from America in her great character, MARY WARNER, in the celebrated domestic play of that name written expressly for her by Tom Taylor, in which she has achieved a recognised dramatic triumph, and which will be produced with new and correct scenery by Mr. Johnson. The entire mounting of the play under the immediate superintendence of Mrs. W. H. Liston. THIS and EVERY EVENING, during the week, at eight precisely, MARY WARNER. Mary Warner, Miss Bateman. Box-office daily from ten till five.

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GLOBE THEATRE, Newcastle Street, Strand.—Lessee and Manager, Miss Fanny Josephs.—THIS EVENING, at 7.30, THE ARTFUL DODGE. At 8, the celebrated drama of THE PORTER'S KNOT. To conclude, at 9.30, with the new burlesque, by Henry J. Byron, of ROBERT MACAIRE, or the Roadside Inn Turned Inside Out. Supported by Messrs. J. Clarke, Parselle, Harcourt, Day, Barker, Yarnold, and E. V. Sinclair; Miss Fanny Josephs, Mesdames Amy Sheridan, Minnie Sydney, Kate Newton, Wilson, and Mrs. Stephens. The new scenery by T. W. Hall and G. Gordon. Music by Mr. G. Richardson. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30. No fees for booking.

GLOBE.—NOTICE.—In consequence of the great success attending the revival of the celebrated drama of THE PORTER'S KNOT, it will be repeated EVERY EVENING until further notice. Samson Burr, Mr. J. Clarke.

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